

A DREAM ADV.
How looked my love? ...
James Newton Matthews in Indianapolis Journal.

TRIAL BY JUDGE.

In one of the valleys to the east of the main spur of the Cumberland ...
It must have been about midnight when a sound at the window awoke him.

"Now, then, Jim Hivers, you are here ...
"Wasn't a-tryin' to get in," snuggled replied Jim.

"Then what was you in for?" ...
"A ter apples which hadn't as big as sheets at this time of year."

"You are just what I'm going to ...
"You are all right and then take you to the square."

"You mean to look in the window?" ...
"Oh, yes! We understand! Now you are coming along to the mansehouse and don't try any tricks on me!"

"Next morning he was regularly arrested on a warrant charging him with intent to enter and rob. The examination took place in the school house, and the justice conducted it without any lawyers to help him."

"I just didn't do it, and I'll stick to my tale if you hang me!" ...
"Then I'll enter a plea of not guilty," said Jim, and he looked at the judge.

"The owner of the house testified to having been disturbed by a strange noise, and he had just gone to the door when Jim fell from the tree."

stranger has been in jail? Put him right up and ax him the question, squire. ...
"But be powerful powerful how you go blowin' your horn around in future."

One Method of Making Money.
A man who had only a few hundred dollars left out of a fortune called one day at a banking house and asked to see the manager, who was a man of conservative mind and fully acquainted with the best and most profitable investments.

The man walked out and was not seen again for many months. His money was judiciously invested on his carte blanche order and began to accumulate. The house duly informed him, according to its business methods, of his good luck, but nothing was heard from him personally for some time.

Some months afterwards he presented himself at the banking house, rosy health beaming in his face, well dressed and portly. The manager failed to recognize him at first, but when his memory was refreshed he recalled the circumstances of the case.

Now, this was an example of a man who more than doubled his savings by simply taking the advice of an experienced and reliable man. And this is not a solitary case. It is one of many such that happen every day throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Japanese Women.
It would be hard to say how Christianity in Japan, as we usually have it, could improve the conduct or character of the Japanese women, who seem always to have been very good Christians without knowing it.

But something seems lacking to them, and they look toward us for it: they fancy spiritual possibilities on the plane which we tell them is above theirs. The fine perfection of their art is stunted because it has never the infinite reach of the Greek; the loveliness of their lives is childlike; it has not the celestial aspiration of the Hebrew; and no doubt they feel this as clearly as they perceive the difference between us and our ideals.

Much to their annoyance the gilded youths of the guard were forced to obey. They did so after their own fashion, however, and marching up to the lady one after another they exclaimed in far from engaging or affable tones, "Most gracious franklin, by the commands of his imperial and royal majesty I invite you to dance with me."

Fools of a heavy flavor should be served separately. Such are crab or lobster, sautéed in a delicious kind of white sauce, beef and mutton. These, we are told, should be eaten alone, without any adjunct.

Up to within a decade or less swordfish were not considered edible, but now few salt water fish command a higher price. The swordfish steaks are delicious and bring from fifteen to twenty-five cents a pound in the retail markets.

CHASED BY MAD DOGS.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE OF A CLUB MAN AND HIS BEST GIRL.
A Yarn Which Goes to Prove That Barking Dogs Do Bite Sometimes—Still Some Savage Brutes Don't Waste Much Time in Barking When Out for Blood.

No one had spoken at the club for about an hour when a raucous roar rose to the occasion. Laying aside his pipe with a look of regret he began: "It's a popular saying that barking dogs don't bite. Like other popular sayings this is a fallacy and misleading. Barking dogs do not bite while they are barking, but there is only one species of canine that sneaks up to you and takes a hold without saying a word. That is the Scotch collie, which inherits its habit of silent biting from a sheep nipping ancestry."

"Story! story!" called out the president. "Story? 'God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,'" quoted the raconteur, remembering his classics; "this is only a memory of two dogs, accused brutes, that lived with an unfriendly man on a hill, over which the postroad was laid. This man, who was a Cain among his fellows, kept two savage mastiffs, who not only barked but bit whenever it was possible. I was courting my first wife up there in the Cumberland mountains in British North America where this happened, and had to pass the house regularly. I drove a blooded mare that went like a bird, and the dogs were no match for her, but it was very annoying to have them follow me down the hill for a mile or more barking like the demons. They would bark at the stage coaches and run long distances after them, but the passengers were safe inside and the driver and those on the outside were too high for them to reach. But I heard frequent stories of their attacking men, and being beaten off with sticks and stones. I asked why they were not killed and my answer was always the same, a shrug of the shoulders and the remark: 'You don't know the kind of man their owner is.' It seemed that he lived alone with his dogs, and people feared him so much they dare not go to him to complain or call in the provincial laws to help them."

A TERRIBLE CHASE.
"A crisis came, when one day I took my sweetest out for a ride in a low pony belonging to her father, in which was harnessed my own sure and swift footed mare. It was a lovely day and we expected to make a safe and rapid descent of the mountain, a distance of ten or twelve miles. The air was crisp and cold, the alighting fine, and we skinned up the ascent and reached the landing before we knew we had started. There we were met by the dogs. I think it would have been less difficult to have gotten rid of a pair of wolves. I dare not give my mare her head going down that long, steep declivity on frozen snow, and the dogs, emboldened by the cold or maddened by repeated lashings from my whip, jumped at my companion and tore her cloak and her dress in monthfuls. I clutched with my whip and beat them on the head, but they did not even seem to feel my blows. Their great black and yellow frames quivered with fury. The hair on their backs stood up like manes, their eyeballs gleamed red and angry, and the noise they made was deafening and distracting."

"Out I exclaimed, 'why haven't I a pistol?' 'Look in the box under the seat,' cried my companion, whose face was blanched. 'I looked quickly, and found a rusty double barreled horse pistol of a make of forty years ago.' 'Is it too old?' I asked. 'Yes, but don't shoot. If you do that man will kill you!'

"I remember thinking how like a woman it was to tell me where to find the pistol and then ask me not to shoot. 'I laid the reins loose on the mare's back and away she went like the wind, beyond my control now, and I know she would never stop till she was a mile beyond the level ground at the foot of the hill.' 'If the pony held together; if nothing made the mare swerve from the direct line; if, in fact—if Providence kept an eye on us, and the breeching didn't break, we might escape breaking our necks. I looked back and saw the dogs gaining on us, even at that mad gallop. I took a aim and fired. Bang! Bang! There were two dark objects lying prone on the snowy road, and as quick as she could gather her feet under her mare stopped in her tracks. She was trained to the use of a gun."

"But my companion urged me to hurry on, and we were soon down the incline and beyond the reach of reconviction or pursuit, and strange to say no one but our two selves ever knew who killed those dogs. We heard the most marvelous accounts of the slaughter, the season varying from a Queen Anne mannikin to a cannon, but dead they were as door nails, and their reign of terror over I imagine their owner did not care to venture out to avenge their death. I drove boldly past the house every day, but was never molested or even suspected. But I often heard their unknown slaver praised and applauded for the deed which rid the neighborhood of their hateful presence."—Detroit Free Press.

Cleaning Fish Described.
The first time my little Marie, aged twenty-five months, saw the girl dressing the fish for dinner she came running to me, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Mamma, mamma!" she exclaimed, "Mary comb fishes' hair with a knife and it all come off!"—Cor. Babyhood.

Both Been There Before.
"I feel constrained to tell you, Fred, that I have been engaged before this," she whispered. "Don't mention it," he said gently; "I, too, have been jilted."—Harper's Bazar.

Baron Hirsch's Wealth.
One of the best of authorities on wealth looks upon Baron Hirsch as in the first rank of the world's millionaires, in fact not far from the very top. He is convinced that Baron Hirsch is the owner of at least \$75,000,000.—Blakely Hall in New York Tribune.

A writer on social affairs in Iceland says there is not a single prison on the island; that such things as locks, bolts and bars are unknown, and that there are neither watchmen nor policemen.

THE ANGEL OF SORROW.

A poet whose songs were as sweet as could be but were light as the foam of the restless sea. ...
"Every true poet should aim to bring peace to some heart by the songs he may sing."

The poet made answer, "I have no fear of pain if it bring me the power to cheer. Lay across upon me, and though heavy it be close with I hold it as a treasure dear."

The angel said gravely: "Thou hast chosen aright. And a cross will be laid upon thee tonight. There is one to thee dear, and her love, I fear, will be hard to endure—then vanished from sight."

Another simple but effective way to test the purity of silk is to burn a small quantity of the fibers. Pure silk will instantly crisp, leaving only a pure charcoal. Heavily dyed silk will smoulder, leaving a greasy yellow ash.

The Prayer Should Have Been Answered.
A member of a certain Massachusetts parish, prominent for his thrift and personal consequence, was also notorious for his overbearing assumptions and pompous airs. Under the distress and fright of a dangerous illness he "put up notes" on several successive Sundays, and after his recovery, according to usage, in offered a note to be read by the minister, expressive of his thanks.

Reckoning by Her Time.
"Hold the baby, please! I'll be back in just a minute," said she. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed. Baby, awake and yelled as if seven devils were after it. Taking the child, he went to find his wife.

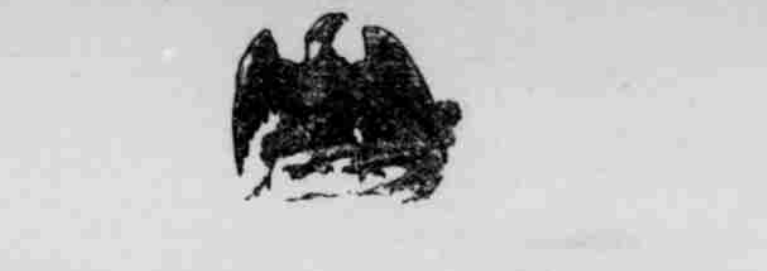
"She isn't here," said the neighbor. "She has gone to the dressmaker's. But she left her parcel here and said she'd call for it in just a minute. Have a chair."

"Thanks," Baby screaming, head thrown back, face red, eyes shut, back stiff, kicked off one little red shoe and made its mouth and hands go. Half an hour, no wife. He carried the baby to the dressmaker's, where he was told: "Your wife isn't here. She has gone to the milliner's. But she left a dress pattern here and said she'd call for it in just a minute. Be seated."

"Thanks," He trotted the screaming child on his knee, laid it on its back, rolled it over on its stomach, tossed it in the air, stuffed a handkerchief in its mouth and bawled: "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." He asked for a rattle box, but the dressmaker got mad and said she wasn't married. Half hour, no wife. He took the child to the milliner who said: "Your wife isn't here. She has just left for home. Oh, what a cute little month that child has been crying!"

"Hush!" It started for home and sat his wife on the street. Tossing the child into her arms she strutted away muttering: "I'll be back in just a minute." "Chicago or New York time, dear?" "Your time!" he thundered. "That was two years ago and she hasn't seen him since."—Chicago Herald.

Lord Castlereagh's Ghost.
In one of the standard British biographical works may be found the story of Lord Castlereagh and the ghost. It seems that when quite a young man Castlereagh commanded a militia regiment in Ireland. One night he was stationed in a large, desolate country house. The bed upon which my lord reposed was at the end of a long, dilapidated room, while at the other extremity a great fire of wood and turf had been prepared within a huge, grotto, etc. Castlereagh lay watching the gradual darkening of the embers on the hearth, when suddenly they blazed up and a naked child stepped from among them upon the floor.



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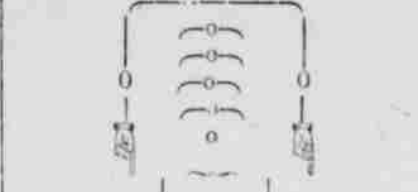
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